

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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## HOPE.

BY MRS. ARDY.

The world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again,  
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,  
Within man's heart remain.  
The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
The story of Hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed;  
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,  
But prompts again to deed.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through fallen tears—to trust—  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh, no! it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy, weak or fond,  
When hope would bid us rest secure,  
In better life beyond.  
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,  
Her promises may gainsay,  
The voice divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### An Historical Tale.

#### JAMES OF SCOTLAND, IN CAPTIVITY.

"What can that be, girl?" said the young and lovely Joanna of Somerset, to her attendant, as something flitted into the room through the window which was open to admit the last rays of the fast sinking sun, now gilding alike the west and the widely spread landscape around.

"As I live, my lady, 'tis a letter," said the girl, as she stooped and raised a small packet from the floor; it was tied with a true love-knot, and to it was attached a small ring of brilliants.

"Some new-fangled mode of introducing himself into my notice. I wish my royal kinsman would render his liberty a little more subject to restriction," muttered Joanna; "but it shall share the fate of many others. Girl, fling it from the casement."

Accordingly, the maiden stepped into the balcony, which was filled with the choicest flowers, native and exotic, stretching out her arm, suffered the ill-fated and unconscious messenger of love to drop from her hand. Yet she could not resist the temptation of stopping a moment to look on the person who had ventured this experiment; to win her mistress's love, and who besides, was thus scornfully treated. But her lady, it would seem, was unusually pettish this evening; for she immediately desired me to re-enter and close the window, in a tone very unlike the usual sweet voice of command, which often partook more of entreaty.

"So I throw his love from me," again muttered Joanna; "even though he should one day regain his kingdom, and be enabled to place me on his throne."

"Ay but, my lady, 'twas a beautiful ring," exclaimed her mistress, starting from the seat on which she had thrown herself. "Ring."

"Yes! I warrant me the handsome gentleman spared not expenses in his purchase. As it fell, the sun-beams glittered on it, and it was so like the one my lord gave you on the last court day—but you are ill, my lady!"

"No, no, girl. Or, rather I am. Why didst not thou tell me this before? Netta, dost thou love me?"

"As myself, or even better; for I am but a poor maiden—"

"Mind not that, girl. Thou art happier, far happier at this moment, than thy mistress. List girl! Thou knowest 'tis said the young James of Scotland loveth me—he whom my kinsman Henry detained as a prisoner—yet I know not where he can have seen me; and thou hast been witness to some of the mummery he hath formed to force his attachment on my notice."

"Netta, I rather fancy Henry and my sire would encourage him the more that a deputation hath arrived with proposals relative to his liberation. But I love not him, Netta; she turned her crimsoned brow from the eager glance of her maiden, and after a moment's silence continued, "I love another; but I know not his rank—save only that I danced with him at the ball which was lately given at the palace, and I have seen him twice since. Girl, he was to have been at the outer wall to-night when the clock struck nine, and I to have met him; but thou knowest it wanted a full hour of that time, when yonder packet was thrown in here, and I immediately concluded it to be some dallying errand of Scotland's James. Netta, canst thou not guess the rest? I looked not on it—yet it was from him. Thou wert right in the resemblance traced between that ring and mine. It did rest on this finger—now it is his! But thou didst remain in the bal-

cony," continued Joanna, in a tone in which were blended eagerness and shame; "tell me, what did he?"

"In good troth, my lady, he picked it up, and glanced from it up here; then for a moment he stirred not—but suddenly he tore it in fragments, and almost flew down the castle walk; and the tears stood in the simple-minded Netta's eyes as she saw the half-smothered agitation of her mistress."

At this moment the chapel clock began to strike nine. Joanna caught from Netta's hand a cloak which she was preceeding to fold with great care, and as she threw it around her, hastily desired her to follow, descending the stairs, crossed the grounds, and reached the outer wall before Netta could gain upon her steps.

"Girl, it was so; he is not here: This has my scorching hasty temper achieved. But we will back, instantly back, Netta. If I had—yes, even if I had thrown his letter from me, he might have sought explanation here. We will return, girl; but she moved not towards her home as she had done from it. Oh! it was a slow step that turned from the wall; and many a lingering look was cast behind, even till they reached the house."

"Well, certainly my poor lady is to be pitied," said Netta, with a sorrowful accent as she ushered her mistress into the presence of her father, and closed the door. "I am sure, now, that if, instead of meeting my lord's gentleman in the pleasure, I should stand there alone, and all my own fault, I am sure it would not be that gallant company she is gone into, that would make me smile; yet she did; I saw it as I closed the door."

"Thus spoke the pretty simple-minded Netta, as she stepped on her way to the pleasure; 'neath as clear a moon as ever shone in blue heaven; but in her reasoning it never occurred that the smile might be forced, and the eye of its brilliancy conceal dimming thoughts, or the playful tone come from an almost choking breast; but she had not needed to learn so bitter a lesson."

Yes! there sat the lady Joanna at her father's side, smiling on the companions surrounding him, and replying with even more than her usual gaiety to the numerous complimentary speeches. But it was not long ere she plucked a slight indisposition, and begged the Earl's leave to retire. Then, for the first time, he saw that the cheek of his beloved child was more than ordinarily flushed, and that her eye glanced rapidly from one object to another, as though her mind rested not with ease on any one subject; but this was no time to question, and he led her to the door, and imprinting a kiss on her burning lip, gave her again to the care of her maiden.

In the meantime, he who had received the unintentional slight strode with nervous haste towards the palace. "Is it indeed so?" he exclaimed; "is she so fickle? Will James of Scotland prevail? would she break her plighted troth for gems and baubles? I will declare myself—and yet not if such be her love! I spurn it from me—do I? Oh! I fear me not. There must be something wrong in this. But, then, the ring was attached to it. I would that this ball and mummery might proceed without my being missed; then would I to my appointment, and learn if she cared no longer for the Roger Percy of her plighted faith; or, if she were not there, I would once again to her window, and crave a few minutes' converse with her. What care I," he continued, as he entered the brilliantly-illuminated hall, "what care I for coming power and honor if she partake it not with me!"

Joanna had listened to the successively struck hours of eleven and twelve, and yet she lingered beside her toilet with her maiden, who now began to remove jewel after jewel from her mistress' person, and place them in a casket. And now Joanna for the first time broke the sad silence—"Netta, girl, what care thou art taking with the baubles?"

"You called them not baubles this evening, my lady, when I exerted my poor skill in disposing them; and, believe me, I grieve that their effect was wasted on yonder rude gallants. They would have looked far better in the pale moonbeams than in the glare of the hall!"

"Silence, girl; thou art become too flippant. But listen! Didst thou not hear something?"

The girl looked frightened; but on the pale face of her mistress there was an expression of intense anxiety; and she raised her finger to her lips to impress silence. Then again came the slight noise on the window as of a pebble. Netta's face brightened, as immediately comprehending, she threw a mantle around the form of her mistress, exclaiming—"How unlucky that I should but this moment have taken the last pearl from your hair. Stay my lady; this one small branch of brilliants I can dispose in one short moment."

But her mistress was at the garden door when she raised it from the case. "Well, to be sure," she continued, "her own beautiful hair is not disarranged; and I sometimes fancy she looks as beautiful before I place these gems in her hair, and around her neck, as when the lights are glancing in them, and the nobles declaring that her eyes are the most brilliant of the two."

"Nay, dearest, thou canst not imagine all I have suffered: but now all is forgotten; and I would rather dream of future bliss than lament past sorrow. Tell me; hath James of Scotland renewed his suit for thy hand?" said Roger Percy, as he stood with his arms encircling the waist of the lady Joanna.

"Yes, oh yes! But I have not yet looked on him."

"And thinkest thou, Joanna, that thy father will say yes?"

"Roger, I would I could answer no! But I have heard to day that there are treaties being signed between him and my royal kinsman, which are to liberate and place him on Scotland's throne. Oh! Roger, such brilliant prospects will blind my father to my happiness—he will say yes!"

"But still thou art the same, Joanna—still thou wouldst sacrifice riches and name for the poor title of Mistress Roger Percy?"

"Why should I attempt to disguise my heart, Roger? I would be true rather than the proudest monarch's third wife can produce. I would that Henry could find some fitting reason for detaining him prisoner."

There was almost a smile played over the handsome features of Roger Percy as he said, "Listen my sweet Joanna; thou dost not yet know to whom thou hast been plighting thy troth, that I am one of the deputies sent from James' uncle, Murdoch Albany, to take measures for his release; and sadly enough, I trow, is his presence wanted on his hills, and amongst his least-expected subjects. Wouldst thou then have me do ought to retard his liberation?"

"No, no, Roger; go, and Heaven prosper thee in thy duty. See, the moon is already in her zenith, 'tis time we bade farewell." "But I had hoped that 'neath her beam I should have listened to a promise that alone can save thee from becoming the bride—the Queen of Scotland." "Wilt thou flee with me to my own lands, which, though they are not wide-spreading as these, are filled with welcome hearts, and, at least, there will be one there who will worship thee?"

"But my father, Roger—Somerset's proud Earl! it would bring his grey hairs in sorrow to the tomb, that his child should wed one who boasted no title; and she grew pale with conflicting passions."

"If it is thus," exclaimed Roger, "it is indeed time a long farewell were bidden by us. Give then thy heart to a titled lord."

"Stay, stay, Percy; make not my task more painful than it already is. I said naught of heart; Roger, have not I told thee that it is thine? and I tell thee again, I change not with the hour. But I will not go with thee to Scotland; yet I will wait a few more days, and—"

"Become a titled bride," he interrupted; "and I shall to Scotland by thy train; to look upon thy smiles as thou lavishest them on another, and that other, one whom I dare not challenge with good sword; and then, too, I must address thee in the measured words of courtesy. Joanna, fare thee well!" and he hastily withdrew his arm from around her.

"Farewell, Roger Percy," replied Lady Joanna, in a haughty tone, as she turned from him towards the door; but he sprang between it and her, exclaiming—"Only one moment more, Joanna! Tell me that you forgive the hasty words I have spoken. Thou knowest not all I feel. I tell thee, James will seek an interview with thee to-morrow; and listen, lady—when to-morrow's sun is seen above the horizon he will be free!"

"Roger," returned Joanna, in a silvery tone, "I will not see him. But what if I should, and confess our love, thinkest thou he would be generous enough to withdraw his suit?"

"It is not likely, dearest. If he has looked on thee, I feel it would not be easy to counsel his heart to wish no more for thy love."

"Nay, Roger, but I know not where he can have looked on me. Thou knowest I received my education in the cloisters, and till very lately had never been beyond them."

"Ay, dearest; but if he but glanced on thee, I wonder not that he bethought himself a queen would add grace to his throne."

The bright moonbeam showed plainly the smile and blush that mantled on her face; and she repelled not the kiss he imprinted on her lips as he once again bade her adieu.

When the morrow's even was bright in the west, as the sun kissed his farewell to the green earth, on the brow of her blue hills and gilded trees, the Earl of Somerset

summoned his daughter to his presence and announced to her that James was declared at liberty, and that he would grace the banquet of that evening with his presence; he also demanded her opinion on the proposal he had now formally tendered.

"My lord—dearest father, I cannot—never can love him."

"Why, girl? He tells me that thou hast not yet looked upon him; though his eye hath rested with pleasure on thee. How then sayest thou, thou canst not love him?"

Joanna bent her knee before her father, but she answered not; for it was in vain she strove to find one objection she could state. She had heard, even in her convent, of his handsome person, and the nuns had loved to listen in stolen hour to tales of his skill as a poet and musician.

The Earl drew his hand, on which she had pressed her lips, from her grasp, and looked sternly on her. "Joanna, thou hast not dared to fix thy affections! Do I read that blush aright? Girl, fondle not on me. Thou shalt not sit at this evening's board to frown on Scotland's king. No! I will say that thou shalt be his bride to-morrow morning. But may I crave the name of this knight errant?"

"Father, father press me not."

"Then I command thee. Speak—his name?"

"Yet, dearest father, one word," and again she seized his hand, which she covered with tears and kisses. Then he raised her trembling form, and supported her with a circling arm.

"Speak, then, Joanna," he said, kindly; "but if it is aught contrary to my wishes, let it be brief, lest I speak too, and look harshly on thee, as I did but now."

"If I name him, dearest father, wilt thou promise me not to betray him to James?"

"Why, girl, art mad, to think I would speak to him on such a subject? But what should that effect him whom thou hast pleased to call thy lover?"

"Father, turn thine eye from me—let me hide my face in thy bosom when I mention his name," and she bent her crimsoned brow on his arm as she half-whispered—"Hast thou heard the name of Roger Percy?"

"Roger Percy, minion!" exclaimed Somerset, withdrawing his arm; and again she was kneeling before him. "Roger Percy! the deputy of Murdoch—the slave of him who seeks thy hand!"

"No, not the slave, my lord," exclaimed Joanna, rising, "the liege subject—the faithful adherent of James."

"Dost thou put words into my mouth, wench? Liege subject—faithful adherent—and all the fine jargon he hath taught thee. I call him slave! But now, good Mistress Roger Percy, go to, and compose thyself; I will have care he comes not here to-night; and to-morrow he will not dare hold love-converse with the bride of his king. Not a word will I listen to from thy lips. Remember, on thy compliance depends the fate of this Percy."

And he summoned Netta to attend her mistress; then telling her that her bridal dress should be prepared, he bade her "good rest," and left the apartment.

"Good rest, Netta! Wished not my father so? Oh! it is not a very mockery!—The criminal may rest in his dungeon, even though the morrow brings death in his birth, for he knows the agony is but for a moment—no weary minutes may rest, though he seeks it with an ill-boding sky above him, for he knows that if his vessel but rock with a slight wind that he will awaken, and either sink, soon to rise again, or live 'neath a smiling sun with a light heart, but for me, Netta, I may not lose the acute feeling of memory retracting words I would I had never heard."

No! I may not lay my head on my pillow and forget! My poor girl, dost thou weep? Oh! those weeping sounds of song and laugh, as they came in mirthful peals from the banquet hall! I never heard a night owl or a raven but gave more melodious notes to my ear than this wassailing."

Hour after hour passed, and the sounds died away. Joanna had, to shut them from her ear, retired to the broad seat in the casement recess. There she sat and looked on the calm sea of glory lying around, so silent—so soul healing—so majestically beautiful. There was the sky of one unvaried arch of blue, the stars in molten gold, and the full lamp of night, with all her silvery lines, shining so peacefully on the half shadowed tree, and lake, and chastened flowers. Who could look on such a scene and cherish hatred to a living being? And Joanna at that moment felt at peace will all who call this weeping world their home; but she almost envied those who called that glorious arch their footstool—o'er whose graves the silvered chequers were cast.

But she was roused by a hand resting on her head. Half fearfully she raised her eyes and turned them on her father. Then she saw that there were tears in his,

and she rose and threw herself into his bosom, where she was pressed, as with a choking voice he uttered—"Ny Joanna, is this well? Shouldst not thy head have rested on the pillow hours since? I will confess to thee that I had not thought thus to betray weakness—no, I thought to have kissed thee as thou slept. But now, my child, to thy couch, and rest thee well.—James hath been here, and he does not seem inclined to withdraw his suit; but I have spoken privately with him, and this message I bear to thee, 'that thou wilt meet him in thy bridal garment in the royal chapel to-morrow; then, and if thou still shouldst be averse to him, he will press it no further; but I must tell my Joanna that, if she refuse, it will be at the risk of incurring our royal kinsman Henry's displeasure.'"

Then Joanna clung round her father's neck, and pressed her lips on his, and on his brow, and he felt that tears fell from her eyes; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that they were not of sorrow.—With full hearts was paternal blessing given and received; and Joanna did seek her couch and rested well.

In the morning she rose with the sun and assisted Netta to prepare her toilet.—In every word and action there was a firmly fixed look of determination; and when the Earl of Somerset led the lady Joanna to the chapel, all acknowledged that a queen-like dignity moved with her. The bridal dress was costly and beautiful as though its composition was studied for weeks; and shaded veil boasted the richest work Venetian hands could produce.

As they walked up the aisle, she could not help seeing that there were nobles and gentlemen ranged on either side, though she lifted not her eyes from the ground, and she trembled more violently as she thought that most probably the eyes of Roger Percy were on her; and she was going publicly to avow her love for him. Then would her countenance turn from the most vivid crimson to the most death-like paleness, and it was with great difficulty the Earl bore her to the altar, which she grasped for support, as a whisper stole around that King James was coming.—Then a voice said at her side, "English and Scottish nobles,"—Joanna lifted not her eyes for she felt that voice thrill on her heart; she had judged but truly that he would be present when she avowed her love for him, for it was the voice of Roger Percy.—English and Scottish nobles, you are gathered here this day to listen to the decision of the lady Joanna of Somerset. Now then, before her noble sire the Earl of Somerset, her royal kinsman the brave Henry IV. of England, we ask if she will share our throne!"

Joanna started, threw the veil from her face, and turned her eyes to the speaker. "Yes, my sweet Joanna," he continued, "tis the Roger Percy of your maiden troth. Say, wilt thou plight the marriage vow to the romance loving James, who will never forget that thou didst give up titles and kingdom for him? and he took her yielding hand from that of her father, who looked smilingly upon her as she bent gracefully to the lowly bows of the nobles surrounding the altar.

### Ancient Nineveh and its Remains.

The excavations and discoveries among the mounds of the Tigris, near Mosul, in the heart of the ancient Assyria, have excited the attention and interest of antiquarians every where. Austen Henry Layard, Esq., has recently published his valuable work on this subject, which is reviewed by the North American, from which we gather the following:

"There is enough in the book to make a profound impression both upon the feeling and the imagination. The extraordinary nature of the subject, involving the disinterment, so to speak, of a buried empire, one of the first born and earliest destroyed of the political works of the ancient civilization, ensures this result. Pondering over its pages, a change comes over the spirit of our thoughts; on a sudden we seem to wake as out of a dream of present existence to be restored to the reality of the past—a past of three or four thousand years back—to dwell amid the men and scenes of that primeval world. Here, indeed, depending with Layard into the freshly opened trenches of buried palaces; exploring halls encrusted with alabaster sculptures and lettered legends, all of them authentic historic records of the acts of the successors of Semiramis; and passing through portals and courts denoted by human-headed winged bulls and lions and other extraordinary mythic figures, we breathe the air of an earlier age than that of the pyramids—than that of the laws of Mount Sinai—and age before Troy had fallen or letters been carried to dispel the darkness and barbarism of Greece.—According to the ordinary system of chronology, the Assyrian monarchy embracing as the permanent members of the empire,

Assyria proper, Media and Babylonia, exclusive of immense conquests extending from the Nile to the Indus, was founded by Ninus two thousand years before the Christian era; and, after all political mutations and misfortunes to the general state, it was not until about fourteen hundred years later that the capital city, Nineveh, was destroyed by the united efforts of its once subjects, the Medians and Babylonians. Nineveh was five hundred years old before the Hebrews fled from Egypt; eight hundred years old when the Pharaohs commenced architectural works which are the wonders of the world; eleven hundred years before the mighty empire was shattered in the hands of the luxurious Sardanapalus; twelve hundred years before the first thatched Roman hovel was built among the laurels of the Palatine.

And this, then, is all that remains of Nineveh—the glorious, the mighty, the imperial city; which after ruling the ancient world for fourteen centuries, at last, sacked by armies and wasted with fire, was buried away out of sight, actually entombed under the earth—the sands of the desert, heaped by every summer simoon—twenty-four hundred years ago. Within two hundred years after its fall, the ten thousand Greeks marched over the desolate hills, without dreaming that Nineveh lay below—Nineveh, whose name has already been forgotten upon the very site of its temples and palaces. Nothing but the mound of sand, and under that sand, walls, statues, bricks, and the marble histories of the kings of kings, before whom the earth once trembled! One starles again from the reveries into which Mr. Layard's discoveries have thrown him, to look upon a wretched parched country, hot, sickly and sterile, occupied by miserably poor and abject Arabs, and wonder how it was possible such an empire as the Assyrian could have ever existed in the home of such barbarians, or how such barbarians could ever have taken the place of Semiramis and the kings that were her slaves and satraps.

Standing on the mound of Nimroud and remembering the mournful and terrible changes of four thousand years, we cannot but ask ourselves whether such things as have been built up by man's hand, as with most ancient empires.—The Arab system, now existing in all Mesopotamia, is precisely analogous to the old patriarchal system of the same country, and is a perfectly republican and democratic one; the sheiks of the present, like those of the remotest epochs, having an authority very similar to that of Indian Chiefs in the New World. Out of such pastoral democracies grew the tyranny and grandeur of the Assyrian state; and dying, it was dissolved into its native elements. Can such tyranny and grandeur ever, in any way, grow up in the Western hemisphere, to be ultimately overthrown and succeeded by native barbarism? We are wise in our generation—as they were who, of old, boasted the power and strength of states which the earth has long since ceased to know; but who can penetrate the secrets or foretell the Nineveh-like changes which are to take place during the next four thousand years."

### Mean Case.

Some years since, when money was scarce, and almost everything was done in the way of trade, a man named Jones called in at the grocery and dry goods store of one Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said:

"Come, sir, aint you going to treat?" "What, on such a trade as that?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Certainly—a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge once more said:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg into this wine? I am very fond of egg and wine."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the storekeeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine glass, found that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning needle; this you see is a double egg."

Our fair readers will bear in mind that we are not responsible for the following, and we only publish it to show our utter detestation of the scandalous insinuation it contains:

As "charity covereth a multitude of sins," even so do long petitions, cover a multitude of shins; to say nothing of undarned stockings.

A cotemporary advertiser for sale the effects of the recent storm.